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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Budget speech is of course the feature of the week at Ottawa. The Financial Minister's statement always makes a red-letter day in the session,—or rather several days. This year the Statement and subsequent debate are unusually warm and interesting, though the dispassionate observer who stands by and listens to both sides will find it as hard as usual to make up his mind whether the country has reached the zone of bliss, as per the Ministerial orators, or is on the verge of ruin, as per the Oppositionists. Mr. G.R.I.P. is in the position of such an onlooker, and simply adopts the showman's invitation—"You pay your money and you take your choice." There is only one consoling thing about the Budget Speech—it invariably delights both parties.

FRONT PAGE.—It is but justice to admit that, to some extent, our artist drew upon his imagination before he drew upon our first page.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The ancient author who wrote the nursery literature here quoted, probably did so without knowing that he was writing an allegory exactly setting forth the facts in relation to the great matter which is at present agitating Toronto.



[PROF. FOWLER EXAMINES YOUNG CANADA'S HEAD.

Taking advantage of the visit of the veteran phrenologist, Prof. O. S. Fowler, to Toronto, Mr. G.R.I.P., like many other proud parents and relatives, took his protege, YOUNG CANADA, to hear what the Professor would advise as to his future training. Seating the youth on a chair, and placing his fatherly hand on the boy's head, the Professor proceeded in his quaint fashion as follows:—

"Ambition, sir, is your predominant characteristic, and it takes the form not so much of show as sense. You desire to be well spoken of both at home and abroad, and you will work like Jehu to make a name for yourself. You are proud of your Canadian ancestry on both sides of the House, and would as willingly live under uncle Blake's roof as with your more aristocratic relative, Sir John—provided, of course, that they gave you the proper kind and degree of Protection, and nourished and cherished you equally well. You have a very strong love for home—home pets and home industries, and dearly like to gaze at the tall chimneys on your father's factory and boast to your playmates about your father's success. You are frank, generous and genial in your manner—too much so for your own good. Cultivate suspiciousness, reserve, caution. Take a leaf out of Sir John's book, and have more policy about you. You are fond of society; let this faculty have free scope among your own people, but don't be carried away by the charms of Miss Columbia over the way. Matrimonial union with her would be the fatal mistake of your life—and you are so promising as a boy that I should hate to see you marry at all if you didn't do better than that. Better look for a wife on your mother's side; and don't think of marrying, or even courting, without consulting her.

"You have remarkable literary faculties, and could be very successful as an author. Tell your uncle LEONARD this, and see if he won't give you half a chance to compete with the neighbour boys. You need encouragement, not criticism.

"You are quick to learn, and must not see the inside of a school-house this side of 15, and you will be the smarter man the less book-learning you get before 16. Wait till the school regulations are changed; for 'cramming' in your case would mean murder. You are too smart now. You need muscle. You can be an orator, a poet, a statesman—which you choose, or all if you like.

"Don't allow bigger boys to impose upon you; cultivate combativeness. You are smart enough—even if you ain't very big—to make your own treaties with your playmates, and

your mother ought to give you free scope in this direction. Fighting your own battles will strengthen your muscle.

"Restrain your appetites, and be careful to sleep all you can. I notice a strong predisposition to intoxicating liquor. If your parents and relatives love you wisely they will remove all these temptations so as to save you. You are conscientious, and strive to do the right thing every time, and right up to the handle. You are benevolent to a high degree. Look out better for number one.

"You have a strong grip on life, and if you get over the effects of the monopoly vaccine that is now in your system, you can increase in vigor as you grow older. If you want to have a happy and successful future, be particularly careful how you conduct yourself now. You may go."

While the youngster was preparing to leave, Mr. G.R.I.P. asked the Professor if he didn't think Canada was sufficiently well protected now, to which the veteran bumpologist replied in the affirmative, stating that he observed an abnormal growth in the boy, and hence had warned him to sleep well.

The "Grip" Printing and Publishing Company.

Last week we issued to our subscribers a prospectus of the G.R.I.P. Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto, now in course of formation, and offered an opportunity of investing in the stock of the Company to those desirous of doing so. A number of our subscribers made application for an allotment of shares, and in case there should be others who would like to secure a financial interest in G.R.I.P., and the business connected with it, we will engage to keep the stock-book open for the application of subscribers living outside the city, until Wednesday, the 8th inst. There are now more than 2,500 of the shares applied for, and as it is proposed to call up only 3,000 shares, it is probable that the stock-book will not be open after the date mentioned. We are confident the investment will prove a profitable one, and can therefore heartily recommend our subscribers to secure some shares in the Company.

The business, as at present carried on, consists of G.R.I.P., G.R.I.P.'s Almanac, a Publishing Department, from which issue profitable specialties, an Engraving Department, and a well-sustained Printing Department. In its present state of development the business pays a clear net profit sufficient to declare a dividend of ten per cent. on the stock it is intended to call up (viz., \$30,000); and by the use of the capital thus procured, it is almost certain that the profits can be increased by from \$5,000 to \$8,000, if not the first year, at all events the second year of the existence of the company. The terms of payment for stock are so easy that every subscriber can become a stockholder, and we shall be glad to allot them any number of shares they may direct, until the 3,000 shares have been subscribed. As we cannot promise that applications received after 8th inst. will be in time, those who desire to secure shares will please make application at once, either to Gzowski & Buchan, bankers and brokers, Toronto, or to the promoters, Bengough, Moore & Bengough, G.R.I.P. Building, Toronto. Copies of prospectus, forms of application, and all necessary information, may be obtained through either of these firms.

The Passing Show.

Hick's Iberian Minstrels concluded a successful engagement at the Royal on Wednesday night. The present attraction is Hyde and Behman's Star Specialty Company, a combination which furnishes an entertainment of the most mirth-provoking kind. For the week commencing next Monday, the old Toronto favourite, Herndon, reappears with his Company in "Lost and Won," "Rip Van Winkle," and "Out of the Fire." Mr Herndon's performance of *Rip Van Winkle* is considered by competent judges to be as fine as that of Jefferson, and his support on this occasion will be good.

A Grand Editorial.

CALMSOUGH HOWE, Feb. 20, 1882.

DEAR MR. GRIP:—I've just been readin' a grand editorial in the *Hamilton Times*, an' though the paper was a fortnicht auid or ever I got my een out, there's nae doot it was a maist wonderfu' production; I wadna missed readin' that article for something. Hamilton is a bonnie bit toonie, an' aye that ought to be gratefu' tae an all-rulin' Providence for the blessin' o' sic a paper as the *Times*. Hech, man! but the writer o' sic an article on co-education as that, maun be a wonderfu' fallow. I tell ye what it is, he's a hauntle mair in's heid than ye can bring oot wi' the fine tooth kaim, an' in justice till himself, he ought to be wearin' a goon an' ban's, an' waggiu' his pow in a poopit. His remarks on co-education are rairly by-ordinar', an' are weel worth the consideration o' a by-ordinar' sensible men. Just luck hoo sensibly he says that wheu the lads an' lassies are studyin' thegither it's a "very on-equal race after all." Noo, that's the very thing I'm aye sayin'. It's awfu' oequal, for de'd a scholarship can the lads get when the lassies kilt their coats an' start for the goal, an' I'm a weel inclined to think that it's pairly on that account that they are tryin' tae dae awa' wi' scholarships a' thegither; ony thing rather than be tickit wi' a lassie. Then he tells us something I never kent afore. He says the higher eddication o' women in the States has gur'd them be "deteriorated phisically." Weel, noo ye see I aye thoct it was their way o' livin' on pies an' pastries, an' keepin' sic onnatural hours that was the cause o' that; it never ance entered my heid that knowledge an' learnin' was bad for the health. I aye thoct that livin' on parritch an' gude sweet milk, an' kull, an' beef, an' 'taties, wi' plenty o' caller sea air to breathe, was the cause o' the better phisical type in the auld kintra, but ye see I was wrang, an' ignorance maun be a gude thing after a'. Then he quotes a Mr. D. D. Hay, M.P., wha declares that it's far mair important that they should excel as cooks an' hoose-keepers, than as scholars, which is vera true. An' that bein' the case, I've nae doot but that his speech 'ill hae the effect o' makin' the oomraded an' widowed members o' Parliament marry their cooks an' hoose-keepers forthwith. An' seemin' that a woman canna cook Greek verbs, nor soop the hoose wi' mathematics, nor fasten on shirt buttons wi' English Literature, it follows that a' the man marry's for, namely, to get his cookin', soopin' an' sewin' done, he's no' likely to get, unless, indeed, as some folk maintain, the learned can dae hoose-wark a great deal better than the unlearned, in which case the grey mare would prove the better horse, an' that wad never dae ye ken. The *Times* thinks it wad be "a national calamity" if the Canadian girls should become a "set of bluestockings, or if a large percentage should take to lecturing, law and medicine." Weel, aboot the colour o' their stockings, it's a thing I ken naething aboot, an' I believe a' married women are born lecturers already. But aboot the law an' medicine, if they tak tae that, I'm afraid the milliners 'ill find their occupation clean gane, the wo-



POSITION OF THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA, METAPHORICALLY.

SIR LEONARD.—IT'S NO USE, SIR JOHN. HE CERTAINLY CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET. WE MUST INCREASE HIS SUBSIDY!

men will get over sensible a' thegither, an' there wad be an end o' a' nonsense. There wad be nae mair lingerin' in agonies o' admiration ower the trimmin' o' a dress, or spendin' hours in earnest an' solemn consultation as to whether a knife plaitin' or three frills wad luck best on the tail o' a goon, or widdin' up the day's gossip wi' their hair on a crimpin' pin. Na! Na! if we eddicate the women oot o' a' that, it wad be a "national calamity" indeed, second only to the shuttin' up o' the whusky saloons. Clubs wad dee oot for want o' patronage, for men wad find the attractions o' learnin', intelligence an' culture at their ain firesides, mair than they wad be able to resist; sma' waists, ill health, fancy dresses, an' lang milliner's bills wad be clean oot o' fashion, oor laddies they wad bring up like Spartans or modern Gracchi, wi' their newfangled notions o' the responsibilities o' life, an' sic like; in fact, I wadna wonder if they turned them oot wiser an' better men than their ain faithers! Na, na, we want nae sic "calamity" as that. The *Times* gies the lassies a solemn warning, to consider that if they persist in eddicatin' themselves as they are doin', they rin a awfu' risk o' bein' auld maids, because there are sae few men that ken much, an' that few like to marry women wha ken less. Noo there's plenty o' folks mean enough to insinuate that after a while, weyrin' o' the beauty o' a face that has naething ahint it, a man begins to crave for something mair satisfyin' than weel sewed buttons, an' has serious doubts whether a weel eddicated, intelligent woman wouldnae hae worn better an' made a mair satisfactory mither to his sons, that a' the fine cookin' an' hoose-keepin' has failed to keep off the streets or oot o' the road to ruin. But atweel, Mr. GRIP, maist marriages are an awfu' mystery to me, an' I'm sure if there wasna ordination in it, plenty o' them wad never tak' place. But when I see a fine, clever, intellectual fallow tied to a simperin' nonentity o' a wife that he is vesibly aslamed o', I canna help admirin' his patriotic self-sacrifice in passin' by his second self in the person o' an intelligent, well-read woman, an'

marryin' a fashionable What-is-it, rather than matrimonially encourage co-education, and thereby precipitate a "national calamity" sic as my freen', the editor o' the *Times*, anticipates an' deploras. An' I really dinna ken but what, in view o' the fearsome prospect o' the consequences o' sic an' awfu' an' unheard o' calamity, we ought tae petition the Governor-General tae appoint a day o' fastin' an' humiliation, tae avert this second deluge o' education an' keep it frae swampin' the kintra. Howpin ye'll gie this suggestion o' mine hoose room,

I remain,
Yours to command,
ICHABOD HOOLET.



THE BOARDING-HOUSE BOOM IN WINNIPEG.

GAMIN.—(Proprietor of Packing Box.)—Can't accommodate you, boss; very sorry, but this hotel is occ'pied by a snoozer who secured rooms by tellegraft!

"Does it pay to steal?" asked the Philadelphia *Times*. It is a leading question. We cannot stop to discuss it. The gentleman in the neigh'borhood of the roost will please hand down another chicken.—*Elmira Free Press*.



THE LONE FISHERMAN.
OR HARRY, THE PRINCE OF W(H)ALES.

(BOTH THESE GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITIES MAY NOW BE SEEN AT THE ZOO.)

"Popular Mysteries."

No. 2.

THE CLERGYMAN.

Clergymen, like students, are of different classes, and the characteristics which these different classes have in common are not numerous. In fact the only thing that can be regarded as belonging equally to all is the mystical prefix "Rev.," which is worn attached to the name. Originally this "Rev." implied a certain amount of respectability in the owner, but now it has about as much meaning as the "your obedient servant" that one feels bound to write at the close of a letter, even when addressed to a man he thoroughly despises. Then there are grades of "Rev.," for example, all write Reverend before their names, but only a few Right Reverend. D'yc see? The duties of a clergyman are numerous. Of course the principal thing is to preside at "socials" and tea-meetings, but this is not all. He must be present at charity dinners and the annual banquets of all public institutions, orphans' homes, etc.; he must superintend the Sunday-school picnics; he must be honorary president of all the congregational, missionary, union, and Dorcas societies and things; and then he has to scold about the smallness of the collections, and periodically threaten to leave if his stipend is not paid regularly. The-e matters take time, and when people sneer at clergymen and say they haven't much to do, they forget all this. As we have already intimated, clergymen are of different kinds, and very seldom do you find a kind that will "recognize" one of any other kind. This, of course, is to be expected, for charity occupies a prominent position in every clergyman's sermons. The position it occupies in every clergyman's practice is much less prominent, but that's not the point. A Roman Catholic, for example, refuses to have any "truck" with Anglicans; an Anglican would suffer the pains of martyrdom sooner than be friendly with—aw!—any of the "sects"; a Presbyterian is away above a Methodist; a Methodist won't speak to a Plymouth Brother; a "Plymouth" has nought but contempt for the Salvation Army, and so on down.

If one goes to work properly he can get more solid amusement out of a High Church Angli-

can—one of the real, genuine, top-lift-y kind—than out of any other one subject. He does not preside at tea-meetings; no sir, nothing so vulgar. He never preaches—not much—he "instructs his parishioners!" He never conducts service—not much—he "sings matins or even-song." He never can speak of a plain Bishop, it's always "My Lord Bishop." He isn't a minister, he's a priest. He isn't a Protestant, he's an "Anglo-Catholic." He doesn't wear clothes in church, he is attired in "sacerdotal vestments." He can't speak of the Presbyterian Church, but he has heard of a sect called Presbyterians, "mostly Scotchmen, aren't they? wear kilts, I presume?—just like these dissenters—haven't decency enough to wear trousers." If he's an Archdeacon or a Dean he wears leggings, and bands on his hat. Sometimes he ventures on the street in a cassock simply. His conversation is principally on "the Church"—by this he means the Church of England—and "our hallowed liturgy," and the "evils of dissent," and such things. He always reads the *Dominion Churchman*, and speaks of the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School as a "Methodist training establishment." Generally, however, he is quite harmless, and frequently he cherishes a longing for Rome. The Low Churchman is in full accord with his High brother on the subject of dissenters and tea meetings, and such trash, but he disagrees with him on some theological questions. This matters but little, though.

The "Methody" comes next. He is generally loud-voiced, earnest, uneducated. He glories in "grab-fights." He's in his element at a "bun-tussle," or a christening party, or bazaar. He is a useful adjunct to any of these, but apart from them he is nothing. He is to a bazaar what the 0 is in 80; with the 8 he is of value, but by himself he isn't. He has never been known to be satisfied with his salary. He always has a large family—principally boys, who are—are—well, they are not fit candidates for the ministry. He fairly loves "union meetings," and if there is one thing which more than another affords him delight it is giving his "experience." He—but we must pass on.

The Presbyterian brother is chiefly remarkable for austerity of countenance, length and monotony of sermons, whiteness of cravat, sleek-

ness 'of hair, shininess of coat-back, and a Scotch accent. Presbyterians are funny people. Stewpan says that they never have any clever preachers, and that when they do get one by accident they excommunicate him, as for example, Robertson-Smith. Stewpan always was a porverter of the truth, so we can't depend upon his statements. Presbyterians don't believe in Apostolic succession, or organs, or anything of that kind, but the amount of belief they expend annually on the doctrine of "fore-ordination" is something enormous. It is a curious fact that no Presbyterian has read the "Westminster Confession." Of course everything contained therein is absolutely true, and there is no occasion for reading it.

We now come to the Baptists, or as a vulgar scoffer once called them, the Bathists. The fundamental doctrine of these people is that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and they therefore insist on a good solid wash being taken. Water funny idea this is. A Baptist is popularly supposed to be—next to the Methodist, of course—the most inveterate beggar, the most relentless subscription fiend in the denominational world. He has no mercy. He bores you to buy lecture tickets; he offers to sell for a very moderate sum any desired number of "bricks" or stones in the "edifice which we contemplate erecting;" he pesters you for donations to this, that, and the other thing, until—but if we dwell longer on this subject we will lose our temper and so, perhaps, say things which it would be better to leave unsaid.

The Plymouth Brethren are so called because they are mostly poor uneducated people, who have never been to Plymouth or anywhere else. They and the members of the Salvation Army are the special *protoges* of the High Church journals. This may not be generally known, but it is a fact. We know it to be so, for in the *Church Times*, the charitable, liberal, and affectionate organ of the English ritualists, we saw them spoken of as "canting, ranting, hypocritical blasphemers." We were at a loss to understand this brotherly language at first, but it was all perfectly plain when we remembered that all were working toward the same end, all serving a Master who taught that charity was not only good but necessary.

AITCH BEE.

The Hervey Institute.

Song of the Blistering Brigade, who "accepted with deep regret the resignation of Mrs. Greig, and bore witness to the faithful and efficient manner" in which she blistered the babies!

Twenty blistering ladies we—
Blistering with a right good will;
Though our matron goes, we'll be
Twenty blistering ladies still!

SOLO.—Mrs. Physical Force.

The press can kill, they say, and will not lie.

ALL.— Ah, miserie!
I'll fight the press, altho' small hope have I—

ALL.— Ah, miserie!
Alas, poor plasters! hide them all away—
We now must let the children play—

ALL.— Ah, miserie!

CHORUS.—

All our whitewashing is done,
Yet the victory we have not;
She is scared and must be gone,
Tho' for her so hard we fought!

ALL.— Ah, miserie!

SOLO.—Miss Lowder.

Go, matron, dear;
Go, dream of other blisters!
Go, for we fear—
Go, from your loving sisters!

Go, quickly, now,
The S.P.C.C.'s waking:
To trap us all
Quick measures it is taking!

ALL.— Ah, miserie!

CHORUS.—

Twenty blistering ladies, etc.



BUDGET, 1882.
 Taxes on Coal and Flour continued.
 Enormous increase of Expenditure.
 Injustice and Oppression to the Poor.
 Bribe to Rich Manufacturers.
 Class Legislation.
 Robbery of Providence.
 True Prosperity retarded.
 Monopoly fostered.
 etc. etc., etc.

BUDGET 1882.
 Immense Surplus without increase in cost of living.
 Prosperity instead of Depression.
 Home Industries Booming for the Canadians.
 Increase of Exports.
 Happiness.
 Contentment.
 etc. etc., etc.

FINANCIAL
 FIGURE SAYS LIE

"YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE!"

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

An inexpensive animal.—A cent-i-pede.

Is a horse a rodent because it travels on the road?

Is there any connection between *steeple* and *steep* 'ell?

Is a vessel stove in when it has a base burner on board?

What missile does a drunkard's coffin resemble? A bomb-shell.

A minorological characteristic.—A three-hair-to-the-inch moustache.

Go-education.—sending Toronto University lady undergraduates to Queen's College, Kingston.

Migrate is cold, as the wild goose said when it took its departure southwards on the approach of winter.

It's utterly ridiculous, as the Tory said when his Grit opponent advocated the abolition of the Senate.

Song of the Harvard students—"Sixty busted Bunthornes we; busted all by Oscar Wilde."—*Puck*.

Persons desirous of learning insect life should interview the bee. He can always give you a point.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The *Mail and Express* says: "Lent will be physically appreciated by the fashionables." "Physically appreciated" is good.

When the Boston *Post* man wants to roil an artist he asks him: "What will you take for that handsome frame with the picture thrown in?"

A Gotham scientist says the best remedy for drunkenness is absolutely pure liquors. Probably the Gothamites never heard of absolutely pure water.

They say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, that everybody would like to try for himself.—*McGregor News*.

The odor of boiled cabbage is thought aristocratic now, owing to the price.—*Indianapolis News*. May heaven keep the price of onions from going up.

The winter in St. Petersburg has been strangely mild. Even in January a man could pull an icicle from a friend's nose without freezing his fingers.

When a child cannot answer a question he never says, "Oh, don't bother me now, I'm busy." Only children of a larger growth deal in such subtleties.—*Boston Transcript*.

In a Western town the other day a man killed his neighbour for disturbing his peace by practising on a brass ban. The jury brought in a verdict of: "Ought to have a banquet."

Hail to the thief who in triumph advances,

The more he steals the more renowned,

The bigger his pile the more he frances.

And cash keeps him up while others go down.

—*Lampoon*.

The Vanderbilts had a grand ball in their new house the other night, and New Yorkers who did not receive invitations are explaining that the Vanderbilts do not move in good society.

"Though we cannot control the wind, we can adjust our sails so as to profit by it," says a philosopher. A good many so-called Independent papers are run on the same principle.—*Phila. News*.

When it once becomes known that fire-escapes are handy to have around when creditors call, every one of the men too mean to provide them for employes will at once erect them for their own accommodation.

That little girl unwittingly gave utterance to the principles of many of her elders when she wrote in her composition: "We should make mistakes and tell lies as seldom as it is convenient."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"Well," says a canvasser, "I must keep walking and talking. That's the way I get my living, and that's the way I got my wife. But she has done all the talking ever since. Good day!"—*The Toledo American*.

No tidings have been received from Stanley, the explorer, for two years. It is rumoured that he did not go to Africa, but that he joined the New York police force and has gone to sleep on his beat.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

A Paris photographer has invented a process by which he can take a likeness in the one hundredth part of a second. This is not so short, however, but the average boy could change his position three or four times during a sitting.—*Titusville World*.

A New Yorker, who lost an eye on a 3d-street horse-car, has obtained \$10,000 damages from the company. In New York an eye is worth all of \$10,000, for a New Yorker has to have two eyes, and keep them both open to prevent his bosom friends from swindling him.

When is a turkey like a ballot-box? When it is stuffed.—*Richmond Baton*. And when is it like a rooster's top-not? Same answer. When it is tuft.—*Earl Marble*. And when is it like a man training for a prize-fight? Same answer. When it is toughed.—*Steubenville Herald*.

"Why," asks an English writer, "does dance music cheer us and sacred music make us solemn?" He should come to this country and attend one of our fashionable churches where sacred music is wedded to dance tunes and a cornet is employed to aid in destroying the solemnity.—*Norristown Herald*.

A college girl at Hillsdale declares she would like to be a buggy-wheel, for then, you know, she would have so many fellows.—*Detroit Chaff*. She would probably soon get tired going around with them.—*Richmond Baton*. It is not so here in the "Hub." Just now, Boston girls are being sleighed.—*Boston Satchel*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is averse to punning, because, no matter how brilliant a pun he might produce it could never be considered anything other than a Ho'mes-pun affair.—*Rome Sentinel*. And as to his poetry, probably his *chef-d'œuvre* is only ranked as a One-horse Shay.—*Baton*. And this is the *Baton's chef-d-pun*. But, then, they are both doctors, and that accounts for it.—*Richmond (Va.) State*.

A Connecticut pastor was given, on his 50th birthday, a pie containing half a hundred gold dollars. It was a pleasant but dangerous experiment, for never having seen anything but pennies and nickles, he came very near eating them. Fortunately a professional beggar, who happened to be present, explained to him the uses and value of the strange coins.

"Dad, can God see in the dark?" asked a Brooklyn youngster who strongly suspected his father's frequent visits to the pantry were not wholly unconnected with the presence of an unlabelled bottle upon one of the shelves. "Why do you ask such a nonsensical question?" sharply queried the old gentleman. "Because," returned the candid child, "I notice that you never go into the closet without shutting the door after you."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Tom Brown at Oxford" was a great success; but from the disastrous failure of Mr. Hughes' colony in this country it looks to the *Norristown Herald* as if it was Tom green, at "Rugby."

Boston is an inconsistent town. Her milk street is a whole mile away from water street. How are they to go together?—*Detroit Free Press*. It is not necessary for them to go together, for in Boston milk and water are always sold separately. The milk passes for cream, and the water, [with the addition of a little chalk, brings eight cents a quart as milk.

Teacher—"Are animals musicians?" Boy—"They are." Teacher—"Cite instances, if you can." Boy—"The horse performs well on the corn-et, and the bear is good on the tambourine." Teacher—"How so?" Boy—"If you can't teach her out-of-the cage you can tam'er in; see?" Teacher—"Correct. Can any animal perform martial music?" Boy—"Yes, the drummer-dary." Boy took the first prize in music.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

A gentleman who was inspecting a house in the most fashionable parts of Austin, complained that the location was too lonesome—that there was no life. "It may seem a little dull now," responded the owner of the house; "but you wait to the first of the month, when the grocers and butchers are trying to collect their bills, and you will think there is a fair or a circus out in this part of town. I know it is a little dull during the day. That's the way it is in all fashionable localities; but just wait till about twelve o'clock at night, when these high-toned roosters come home drunk, and pound on their front doors and whoop."—*Texas Siftings*.

—TO—

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JOSEPH HICKSON,

General Manager.

Montreal, 17th Feb., 1882.

Perilous Position

OF THE ONLY LADY MEMBER OF THE QUEBEC PRESS ASSOCIATION AMONG THE "BLISTERERS."

Our only lady-member often proves useful, as she is allowed to "rush in where angels—mean ordinary reporters—dare not tread." Her reception at ladies' meetings has always been pleasant and polite, until last Tuesday, when she was invited by the minority to attend a meeting at the Hervey Institute, and when, according to her own account, she had a narrow escape from a personal experience of the blisters and black holes prescribed by that establishment; at least she certainly had an encounter with Physical Force, which left her incapable of giving a lucid account of the affair.

According to the late published reports of the "whitewashing committee," the regulation discipline of the establishment for lying is the immediate application of a mustard blister, therefore we may judge of the alarm of the "only lady member" when accused of this crime by one of the stern disciplinarians, who declared in forcible terms that she did not believe the O. L. M. had been authorized to give a report by any paper. Then mustard plasters rose up before the mental vision of the terrified O. L. M., and the doubt as to whether they put a ray between racked her sorrowing soul. "Please, ma'am, I was told to come," she cried, "and if you'll wait I'll get you a letter from the editor." "Don't interrupt me," shouted the attacking party, while she continued to pour forth the vials of her wrath; and all around gathered the frowning faces of the blisterers, with growls of "scurrilous press," "literary scavengers," "blistering too good for them," etc., etc. "Please, ma'am, do you put a rag between?" ventured the O. L. M., "and couldn't you put it on the editor instead of me?" Then the minority came to her rescue, and the O. L. M. was allowed to escape, going on her way a sadder and a wiser woman, for she vows she will never go near a "blisterer" again.

At the Door!

Mrs. Smith (sympathetically)—"Poor Mrs. Siren! they say she has been ordered to a warmer climate. Do you think she will go?"
Mrs. Brown (grimly)—"No, not while she lives."



THE GLOBE'S PATENT PLAN.

[The lady teachers in the Toronto Public Schools are greatly incensed at the action of the Trustees, who have responded to their petition for an increase of salary by granting an advance of only 5s, whereas the male teachers have received double that sum.—Daily Paper.

Editor of Globe to Lady Teacher.—You see, the male teachers are likely to devote their lives to the profession, and so it pays to give them high salaries; whereas the ladies—now, if you will just sign this, I think you will have no difficulty in fixing the Trustees!
(But of course she won't!)

The Cold Ground.

SCENE, FASHIONABLE MONTREAL BOARDING-HOUSE DINNER TABLE.

Charming Young Widow—"So, sir, Hugem-fast is really going to marry again already!"
Aesthetic Old Maid—"What a shame! his wife can hardly be cold in her grave!"
Lively Matron—Why, yes, Miss Robinson; with the weather we have had this winter, she must be quite cold." Tableau.

Perhaps.

One of the charges brought against the matron of the Hervey Institute during the late investigation was that she gave the children only rice with milk and water (lots of water) for dinner. This charge was pooh poohed by the ladies of the majority; probably they thought it excusable, knowing Mrs. Greig's own inordinate fondness for Rice.

Some Radical Views.

DEAR GRIP,—I am a student, but I am a radical. Yes, sir, I am a radical, every inch of me, and I am proud to confess it. I abhor conventionalities with an intenseness that would satiate even the hungry soul of Oscar in its wild yearnings utterwards. I am somewhat incoherent at times when I get worked up over the grand original ideas that evolve themselves from my inner consciousness; but that is a minor matter, and, if you have no rooted objections, I will proceed to give you the benefit of my ideas on things in general. The first principle I lay down is, that whatever is popular is necessarily wrong. To me this is a self-evident axiom, incapable of proof, because of its utter truth. (N.B.—Don't imagine for a moment that I am an aesthete because I use the word *utter*. I ain't. Anybody who has seen me will certify to that.) This principle being infallible requires, according to all scientific and metaphysical doctrine, an exception or two to strengthen it. I am happy to say there is an exception. Everything that is popular is wrong, except when I am popular; then I find it all right. I make this rule the guide of my life, e.g., by way of illustration, everybody shaves. I don't. Radicals should always wear beards. Most ordinary mortals wear stiff felts. I wear a skull cap. Most students sport elegant canes. I am addicted to the manipulation of a cudgel of unknown circumference. Yes, sir, I am a radical, and radicalism is bound to triumph. Grant me the truth of my fundamental principle, "*Si, illud me da, vis*," as the Latin poet exclaimed in the ecstasy of his phrensy, grant me that (and get people to believe it) and I will revolutionize the world. Once get the masses to believe that everything that is popular is wrong, and the golden age of poets' dreams will have dawned, the millenium itself will be upon us, and existing conventionalities will sink into the chaotic oblivion of utter nothingness. Say, don't you think that that last sentence is just a trifle poetic. If it is, I had better stop. There is no poetry about me. I hate the conventional; poetry is conventional, *ergo ipso* I hate poetry. There are lots of conventionalities around the college that enjoys the honour of my attendance, which I would like to see levelled to the ground, such as scholarships, medals, prizes, honours, and similar trashy frivolities. I have, of course, enjoyed my share of them, but it is the principle of the thing I object to. They are conventional and popular in all famous Universities, *ergo* they must be wrong and should be abolished if my fundamental principle is correct. As it is conventional to write long letters in which little or nothing is said, I will stop short on the assumption that you are highly impressed and instructed.

Yours unconventionally,
R. ADICAL.



SAD POSITION OF A STATESMAN.

It is always painful to record the fall of a man who has occupied a position of honour in society, and these feelings press upon us as we perform the duty of chronicling the fact that one of our most distinguished statesmen was the other day cited to appear before the bar of the Police Court. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, whose youthful goodness gave hopes of a long and prosperous career of usefulness; whose studiousness in later years strengthened those hopes, and whose achievements in active life actually realized those hopes in a very high degree;—the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who had risen from the humble avocation of a stonemason, to the highest dignity open to Canadian worth and genius in the realm of politics;—the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, whose name had become synonymous with the prompt and faithful discharge of duty—cited to appear before the Police Magistrate! Ah! reader, this is a terrible example of the danger to which all are exposed, and ought to be pondered by all who would escape the fate which befel this once good man. Little did the admiring throng that but lately surrounded the Reform Premier's carriage think that the day would come when their hero would be cited before the Police Court! Little did Mackenzie's good and honest parents dream that their beloved child would one day be hauled up before Denison! Alas! nobody could have believed that Mackenzie, the industrious, earnest, and energetic Mackenzie, would ever neglect to *clean off his snow*, and so be brought before the beak!



AN EVIL OF "LONG STANDING,"

Which is not likely to be abolished until customers refuse to deal with store-keepers who will not provide means whereby their saleswomen can rest their weary limbs during their long hours of duty.



AN ADAPTATION FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

FIRE WOULDN'T BURN STICKS—STICKS WOULDN'T BEAT DOG—DOG WOULDN'T BITE PIG—PIG WOULDN'T "GO!"

The Civil Service.

The Ontario Premier was called upon by a shabby genteel individual. The Premier, as his manner is, received him with effusion, and talked to him in a benign, good-natured, agreeable, jovial, edifying and instructive voice. "But," said Mr. Mowat, "if I were you I would, at this season, wear a warmer coat."

"I can't afford it, sir," said the visitor. "I am, you know, one of the Ontario Civil Servants, and our salaries, promised some years ago to be raised, never were. Everything is up, and all have to make one dollar do the work of three."

"But," said the Premier, with the air of a crusher, "the matter cannot be pressing, for I have settled it long ago."

"Indeed, sir," said the Civil Servant, "perhaps there is some mistake. The money may be ready for us if we apply for it."

"No," said the benign Premier, "not exactly that; in fact you cannot possibly get any money, not any actual matter of fact money, till I say so. But I have done the very next thing, so near as to be almost the thing itself, so near as to satisfy any reasonable man; in fact we have almost utterly anticipated and executed your wishes."

The Civil Servant smiled joyfully. It was so long since he had smiled that it almost cracked his mouth, and he clapped his hand to it. He could not speak. He waited in agonized happiness to hear more.

"Yea," said Mr. Mowat. He struck an attitude. "I have done all any one could ask. I have taken it into my consideration!!"

The Civil Servant's face had broadened with joy. A remarkable change occurred. It lengthened so suddenly that, being rather brittle with low diet, it almost cracked in a new place. "Yes, sir," he gasped, "I am very grateful. But still it does not exactly help us."

"Not help you!" said Mr. M. "What more could you desire? Are you not aware that that is the way I perform my functions; that I am celebrated for doing it, and not particularly for doing anything else? Everybody knows it, and all the meetings now pass resolutions complimenting me, and pledging candidates to support the Hon. Mr. Mowat, whose glorious stand in defence of the liberties of our noble Province, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. Read the *Globe*. I am afraid you do not read the *Globe*."

"But, sir," said the applicant, "we are very hard up. We were promised——"

"Of course you were," said Mr. M. "It was just, and proper, and Christian, and moral, and noble, and excellent, and worthy, and proper, and correct that you should get an advance. In fact, we got an advance. So did the Members. We did not, I believe, on that occasion take it into consideration. But with respect to you, we will do all we possibly can. We will take it into consideration at once, and in the course of a few years——"

"But, sir," said the Civil Servant, "we shall all be starved!" His face was now so long that you expected it every moment to form a sort of pillar from the floor to the ceiling.

"If that happens," said Mr. Mowat, "we will again take it into our best consideration. Good morning; good morning; good morning; I am very busy; I have several matters I want to take into my——Good morning."

Nonsense.

There were two old maids up in Kalamazoo, Whose friends didn't know what to give them to do. So they packed them off west with their ancient mammas, And they all three got husbands in Manitobah.

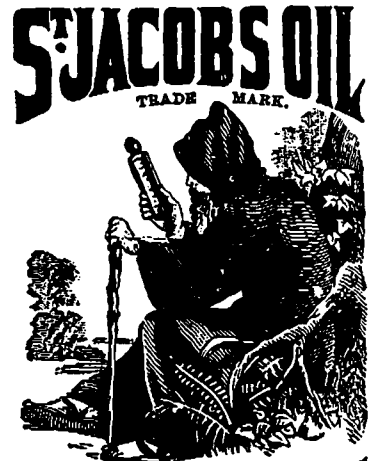
Do you know the latest craze,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann,
Do you know the latest craze,
Mary Ann?

It is to spend your days
'Neath a big sunflower's rays,
Or to sit up with a lily,
Mary Ann. —G. G. M.

Art and Oil.

The Norfolk (Va.) *Virginian* of Jan. 16, 1881, refers to the remarkable cure effected by St. Jacobs Oil in the case of Prof. Cromwell,—known the country over for his magnificent Art Illustrations—who had suffered excruciating torments from rheumatism, until he tried the Oil, whose effects were magical.

Better left unsaid: Fogg went into the carpet store of Brussels & Tapestry. He was shown several patterns, but none seemed to satisfy his taste until the dealer unrolled a beautiful Brussels, saying: "There is a carpet that will suit you. That carpet is hard to beat." Fogg said he didn't want it if that was the case, and walked out, leaving the dealer a sadder but wiser man.—*Boston Transcript*.



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